# IOWA GIRLS till the WESTERN PLAINS as HOMESTEADERS

Sioux City, Ia.—Think of 125 human roses blooming upon the prairies of South Dakota!

With their pretty hands reddened and roughened by toil and their fair complexions exposed daily to the tanning winds, that number of real society girls from Des Moines and other Iowa cities are leading the strenuous life of the pioneer upon what was formerly the Rosebud Indian reservation.

Homebuilders in reality, every one of these enterprising girls secured a quarter section when that territory was opened to settlers two years ago. Now they have turned their backs upon the ballroom and the theater and are herding cattle, tilling the soil and living the actual life of the prairie pioneer.

While the majority are farming or raising cattle, others devote themselves to various enterprises. One is making money and winning a reputation through the practice of law; another has become a preacher; still others act as guides through the in years ago hostile redskins were busy teresting country where only a few shedding the blood of whites.

Yet these girls, many of whom represent families of wealth, seem greatly pleased with their experiences. Moreover, they are besieged with proposals of marriage from the men on the reservation.

Perhaps it was a sudden freak of fancy that caused all these Iowa girls to apply for homesteads when the Rosebud reservation was thrown open to settlers.

They had read of the success of women who had staked claims in other sections. More than one poor girl secured an excellent farm or grazing acres when the government lands in Oklahoma and the Indian territory were thrown open.

**Daughters of Wealthy Homes.**

It is true that many of the Iowa girls already had comfortable—in some cases luxurious—homes, with fathers possessing bank accounts amply sufficient to meet all their needs.

What girl in this progressive age, however, is content to be entirely dependent upon others?

True, the laws governing the taking up of public lands provide that the claimant must actually reside upon, or "hold down," as it is termed, for a certain length of time the land thus obtained, and this provision doubtless caused many a pretty brow to pucker in perplexity and the pursing of many a pair of ruby lips.

Secure those homesteads, however, they would. When some of the bolder spirits announced that they proposed to become actual settlers in the new country—to be real farmers and ranchers—a thrill of approval ran through other breasts.

And that is why 125 of Iowa's most charming specimens of femininity are now wearing short skirts, stout boots and freckled faces as they "hold down" the claims they were fortunate enough to secure in the distribution

"From the Ballroom to—"

of farms on the Rosebud.

"Back home" more than one society set is mourning the loss of a vivacious and popular member, and fashionable functions seem duller than before the exodus to South Dakota.

It is remarkable how those plucky young women have adapted themselves to the rather rough life of the prairie pioneers. Girls who in days gone by were shocked if the sudden departure of a servant made it necessary to wash the dishes or clean their rooms are tilling the soil or herding cattle with the nonchalence of an old-timer.

Those who left handsome and well-appointed homes seem perfectly happy in the little 10x12 "shacks" that upon the majority of farms constitute the dwelling of the owners.

By rare good fortune in most instances and by clever trading in others nearly all these girls are in the same neighborhood. Iowana, as the colony is called, is near Philips, S. D., almost in the heart of the rich Bonesteel country.

**An Iowa Colony.**

While the entire territory "held down" by them covers many miles in extent, mostly all the girls have as neighbors some others "from back home," and this makes the situation exceedingly pleasant and companionable.

Numbers of them find it convenient to meet on Sundays to discuss the old life and to exchange recitals of experiences.

Now and then a dance is planned and is enjoyed immensely, although a prairie "shack," even with its furniture removed, does not afford a spacious ballroom.

More than in any other way—except in actual farm work—these dances illustrate the difference between the days past and those of the present.

When the girls first went to the Indian country many took with them the elaborate gowns and "fixings" that had been such a delight to the feminine heart and had turned the heads of young men before the exodus.

But of what possible use is a beautiful gown or a picture hat when one seldom sees anyone else—at least, no one except the farm hands—oftener than once a week, and where the prevailing style in feminine attire is a short skirt, a shirtwaist and a rough slouch hat?

To be sure, the men who gathered at the few functions in Philips or vicinity are greatly attracted by a gown with a train. But as a "hickory" shirt, corduroy trousers, a red handkerchief around the throat and a broad sombrero topping all is the fashion for them, articles of dreamy elegance ap-

Phillips "Society."

pear incongruous as feminine apparel. So such costumes have disappeared and the transplanted daughters of Iowa are now dressing in the plain and sensible garments of the region.

**Would Make Good Wives.**

Soon after these young women settlers made their homes on the Dakota plains United States Commissioner J. D. Kellar of Bonesteel visited Sioux City, Ia., and was reported in an interview as having remarked:

"The young man who wants a wife—young, intelligent, clever and the owner of a first-class farm—should start for Bonesteel and the Rosebud without delay.

"There are about 231 young women homesteaders in the reservation—about one-fifth of the entire number. They are just getting started on their spring work and the hired help problem is practically hopeless.

"Beyond doubt they are the best girls in the world, these capable, brave and energetic young women who are founding homes for themselves upon the prairie. Among them are women of social position and wealthy families, as well as former school teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers and other business girls.

"A third of them or more are college graduates; all have more or less money; every one is perfectly capable of making a good living for herself; every one has a good farm. In fact, they represent the finest 231 matrimonial opportunities I know of."

Perhaps Mr. Kellar's enthusiastic praise was widely read. In any event the homestead girls on the Rosebud have not been neglected in the way of proffered matrimony, and most of those in the Iowana colony can count their proposals by scores.

Among their neighbors—neighbors, in this sense, meaning other settlers within half a hundred miles—are a number of single men who also seized the opportunity to acquire good farms at the hands of a generous government.

**Many a Romance.**

Romance finds a ready hospitality on the fertile plains of South Dakota, despite the unenviable divorce records of the state.

Several "matches" have been made through the agency of the claim shanty, and more than one Iowa youth has learned, when too late, that "absence makes the heart grow fonder"—but not always the absentee.

Among the girls who have taken up claims in the new country, one of the most popular is Miss Lottie Rogers, formerly of Ames, Ia.

She is the only daughter of a wealthy retired farmer, so that from the standpoint of financial necessity it was not incumbent upon her to undergo the hardships of the pioneer.

Happening to draw a homestead in a community almost entirely composed of bachelors, Miss Rogers had not been in her new home a month before she had received several proposals of marriage. Now, it is said, her victims number more than 100.

Her first proposal came from an Arkansas colonist who saw her soon after her arrival and who at once succumbed to her charms. Unlike most wooers from the ardent south, however, he conducted his campaign of

"—a 10x12 Shack."

conquest at long range and intrusted the outpouring of his soul to the mail.

Should this man ever return to his former home he will doubtless be in danger of being mobbed at the hands of the maidens of that state, as he was indiscreet enough to remark that Arkansas girls "wasn't worth shucks."

Here is the first letter that Miss Rogers received, laying a palpitating heart and a quarter section of rich farming land at her feet:

"Dear Mis: Hev been lookin' in your direction and hev desired to ask you to mery me. I hev a good clame and all I nede is sum wun to make my shanty seme like home. these Arkansas girls ain't wuth shucks. plese anser soon. yure true friend."

Miss Rogers did not answer, for before she could concentrate her mind on this proffered good fortune she received several other proposals, and finally she determined to ignore hem all. She has been visiting her parents in Iowa this summer, but she will return to her claim in the fall.

**A $1,000,000 Heiress.**

Then there is Miss Philippe Watrous, whose father owned a six-story busines block in Des Moines and is estimated to be worth $1,000,000. Miss Watrous became a guide shortly after she reached Bonesteel and conducted prospecting parties over the country that a few years ago was red with blood shed in battle with warring Indian tribes.

When she was allotted a claim and reached the Rosebud country she found that her farm was back in the foothills, 40 miles from the nearest railroad station.

She went out and looked it over, however, and was pleased with the prospect. Hiring two men to build her a "shack," she mounted a horse and rode back to Phillips to await the completion of her new dwelling.

One day at the post office in Phillips she encountered a young man just in from the east who was looking for a guide. At that time all the inhabitants of the hamlet who could leave their homes were out on the reservation, and Miss Watrous volunteered to take the young man and the party he represented to their destination.

**Saved by Girl Guide.**

There were two dozen members in the squad that started out the next morning with the Des Moines society belle at its head. In the afternoon a severe storm came up and the home hunters were forced to halt.

Early the next morning the journey was resumed. The first stream to which they came was out of its banks, while the bridge had been washed away. The only thing left was to ford it.

In this attempt the provision wagon, caught in an eddy, got away from the driver, the mules were drowned and the supplies lost. The drenched party managed to reach the opposite side. Then the intrepid girl guide took command.

She asked a man to accompany her and together they rode to an Indian tepee close by, where they obtained some cornmeal and "kinkinnick." The gruel made strengthened the half-famished women and children in the party and the company pushed on.

That night they struck an Indian settlement, where they stopped for rest and to make a hearty meal on the game which the Indians had killed. The second morning they resumed their journey and completed it without further adventure. For this service Miss Watrous later received a watch

# HORTICULTURE

## A FARMER'S NURSERY.

**It Is Easily Managed and Should Be a Feature of Every Farm.**

A small home nursery is easily managed and in many cases highly profitable. Where old orchards of good standard varieties exist, it is a comparatively simple matter to grow young trees. By planning a little ahead, the farmer may grow his own fruit trees and plant a considerable orchard at slight expense.

Seeds of good quality must be preserved to grow stocks for budding or grafting This is done by cleaning and washing them when they are removed from the fruit and allowed to dry in the sun. They may be kept over winter in a box of moist sand, or pile of leaves left out of doors. It is best to allow them to freeze, which will crack the shells sufficiently for sprouting. The seeds are sown in rows three feet wide, and three to six inches apart in the row. Stocks usually attain sufficient size to bud or graft with one year's growth.


Methods of Grafting.

Apples, plums and cherries may be grown by grafting, while peaches, pears and cherries are more frequently budded. Either operation requires that good scions be obtained from healthy trees of the desired variety. This is where the farmer may make use of the good varieties of the neighborhood.

In early winter, before frost has injured the twigs, cut good scions for spring grafting. Take those from the most vigorous trees, particularly from the ends of the main branches, where the buds are well developed. These may be bound into bundles and kept in the cellar until used. Buds are cut as they are needed.

Grafting is a simple operation which may be learned with a little practice and may be done in the winter when other work is not crowding. The most successful graft for nursery practice is the tongue graft.

The root, a, is cut, as shown in Fig. 1, with a tongue, which is fitted into a notch cut in the scion, b. The two are stuck together with the bark layers opposite and then wrapped with a cord or string. Ordinary No. 18 cotton wrapping twine is best, as it rots off by the time the graft is ready to grow. The grafts are placed in cellar until time to plant in spring. They are set six inches apart in rows three feet wide with two buds on the scion above ground.

Budding is done in the summer when the scions are in most vigorous growth. The scions should be cut from strong, healthy trees. Trim the leaves as shown in Fig. 2 at a and cut off the buds as they are set. They are inserted under the bark at b, and wrapped with twine or raffia to keep them securely in place. After the buds have begun to grow vigorously, the tops of the stocks may be trimmed to stimulate growth.

After once well started, says the Farm and Home, the bodies should be kept clean to prevent undue branching and make them grow tall. Good cultivation is necessary at all times. They will usually grow from one to two feet high during the first year, and if the soil is favorable, will be ready to transplant to the orchard the second autumn.

## SPADE DEEPLY FOR TREES.

**Ground Should Be Well Prepared for the New Tree.**

When a new tree is to be set out the ground should be well prepared for it. When large plantations are to be put in, a plow may be used in the preparation of the ground. More often, however, the spade is used for preparing the ground in which trees are to be set. The depth of the spade is about ten inches, which is about four inches more than the depth of ordinary plowing. The depth of the spade, says the Farmers' Review, should be the measure used in turning over the ground for trees. The space so prepared should be ten feet or more in diameter, and this prepared space should be increased as the tree grows. The object of the enlargement of the space is to prevent the forming of a natural water-tight basin in which water would accumulate to the detriment of the tree.

**To Check Tree Growth.**

If a tree persists in making too much wood growth, head it in severely late in the summer, about the time the wood stops growing and begins to ripen up for winter. This has a tendency to check wood growth and induce fruit bud formation.

Apples should be picked when they are fully matured, but before they have begun to get mellow.

# I Collaborate with Betty

**By Campbell B. Casad**

After an absence of four weeks I was again at Betty's side. For a moment I stood in her cosy little sitting room, admiring her.

"By Jove! Betty," I at length cried, "I have an idea."

"How extraordinary."

"I was thinking that we might collaborate," I hesitated.

"Good gracious, on what?"

"Oh a lot of things," I replied, "but first and foremost on a play. A regular romantic drama. What do you say?"

"Oh, I'm game. When shall we begin?"

"At once!" I eagerly replied.

"Very well. Run into the library and get a pencil and paper."

"And now for the scenario!" I cried, emerging triumphant with the required writing materials.

"What's the first act to be?" she demanded.

"Let me see. Oh, yes, the scene is at the seashore, say Atlantic City."

Betty looked suspiciously at me.

"How very peculiar!" she murmured.

"Peculiar? Why?"

"Nothing, only that is where we first met. But go on."

"The heroine of our play," I began, as if reading from a written description, "is a beautiful, young girl with hair of spun gold, eyes of azure blue, teeth of pearly whiteness and a form—so—"

"Stop! Stop!" Betty commanded. "Where on earth do you suppose you can find anyone of this description to play the part?" she continued. "Why, there's not a woman alive beautiful enough to fill the requirements of your heroine."

"My dear Betty," I replied, bestowing my languishing look, "my heroine is not an imaginative one. She is an actual portraiture of a living, breathing mortal."

"She must be a peach," quoth Betty. "I should like to see her," she concluded.

"Would you? Well, perhaps I can show her to you," I replied meaningly.

"How jolly!" she innocently cried. "When?"

"At once, if you care to see her."

"Of course I do."

"Then kindly step this way," I announced in formal tones as I took her arm and gravely led her before a large plate-glass mirror at one end of the room. There I stopped and ceremoniously cried:

"Madam, behold the divinity of our play."

"Mr. Winton, you are a silly goose," she assured me, but in spite of her assumed indifference, I noticed that her cheeks flushed while she bestowed a look on me that caused the wildest sort of palpitation of my rather susceptible heart. She was irresistible and I leaned forward to clasp her in my arms, but she discerned my purpose and eluded me. Bounding into the other room, she laughingly called to me:

"Come! come! Harry, we must write our play before we enact it. And now for the hero. What manner of man is he to be?"

"It's up to you," I replied, "to select him since you are the heroine."

"Well, suppose we say—that he is a very dark, impetuous young person about 22, with great, serious, brown eyes and a cute little mustache in the incubator stage of its existence—in fact, Master Harry, since you have been so generous in bestowing my particular style of beauty on the heroine, it is only fair to invest the hero with all your manly attributes—"

She dodged behind a large library chair just in time to escape the playful onrush I made for her.

"Well, let's see; the hero meets her on the beach. Instantly he experiences a strange thrill," I explain, gazing rapturously into her eyes. "Can it be love he feels tingling at his heartstrings? Now what about the heroine?"

"Yes, what about her?"

"Well, you're a woman and can analyze her feelings better than I," I slyly replied, hoping that the girl might inadvertently betray her sentiments toward me.

"Very well," she agreed, giving me a defiant look. "At first she pays no attention to him, but when he becomes too persistent, she wonder who the cheeky young masher is—"

"Oh, I say, Betty, that's not fair," I vehemently protested.

"But this is only a play," she archly replies, giving me a covert glance.

"Bless me, so it is," I reply, "but to continue, he gains an introduction through a mutual friend and everything seems smooth sailing. But, alas! he finds out on better acquaintance that she is a heartless coquette—"

"Sir!" This time it is Betty who is vexed.

"In the play," I calmly continue.

"Oh!"

"The climax of the act comes when she leaves for New York in an automobile accompanied by the hero's rival—"

"Now, Harry, I protest—he was not the hero's rival," the adorable protests with spirit.

"But this is in the play," I again assure her.

"Well, I don't like it, even in the play."

"All right, I'll let you try your hand on the next act," I concede.

"Where does it take place?" she asks.

"In the auto that has broken down half way to New York."

"Really, Harry, on second thought, I believe that you had better write this act. You have such a vivid imagination, you know."

"Do you think so?" I ask. "Well, then, how's this? As the machine is hopelessly out of order, to avoid a scandal he suggests that they hunt up a minister and get married—"

"Which suggestion she emphatically declines to agree to," Betty breaks in.

"Why?" I query with assumed innocence.

"The reason is made known in the last act," she replies with irritating evasiveness, "but to continue. While they are plunged in despair a life-saving countryman, seated in a rickety farm wagon makes his appearance and takes them in tow. In this manner they reach the city and the act closes."

"Rather weak, don't you think?" I ask in disappointment.

"Oh, I don't know. The last act is the strong one.

"The action takes place in the heroine's home and the setting is identical with these rooms. The hero after a month's absence has called on her for the first time. He is very moody and as the conversation is far from animated, suggests that they write a play—"

At this moment the doorbell rings and the maid enters. She announces: "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Armstrong."

At this announcement, I start in surprise, then angrily cry:

"What, that chap calling on you? And he married, too. The nerve of him."

"Why, yes, he was even married when we took our automobile ride together," Betty laughs; "that was one reason that we couldn't marry after the accident."

"One reason? Then, what, pray, was the other?"

"He was already my brother-in-law."

"Gee whiz! what a chump I am," I humbly acknowledge.

"I think so, too," the unfeeling girl tells me.

"Can you ever forgive a silly-nilly like me?"

"If you coax hard enough, maybe," Betty relents.

"Then suppose you let me into this family affair," I suggest.

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose you give me the right to call him brother-in-law as well as yourself."

"Do you think that you deserve it?" she asks.

"Well, that's the way all good plays should end," I explain.

"Then for the sake of our play, I consent," and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong entering at this moment surprise two very red-faced youngsters fondly embracing.



**Not Bound by an Oath.**

Some years ago, when Attorney General Moody was district attorney in Essex county, an arson case was tried, in which the late Hon. H. W. Moulton was one of the counsel for the defense.

Among the witnesses for the prosecution was a boy, who testified that a little after nine o'clock, a short time previous to the discovery of the fire, he saw the defendant not far from the building in which it started. Being asked, on cross-examination, how he was so sure of the time, he replied that he looked at a clock as he came out of a store and saw that it was nine o'clock.

Then he was asked if it was customary for boys of his age to look at clocks to see at what time they left any store they happened to visit.

He answered: "My father told me to be home before nine o'clock, and I thought I would see how late it was.

"Then," said Mr. Moulton, "we are to believe that you are no nearer telling the truth now than you were then to minding your father?"

"I am under oath to tell the truth," the boy replied, "and I am telling it. I wasn't under oath to mind my father."

**Dimensions of John's Love.**

John M. was one of the pupils in a small country school down in Maine. He was an excellent mathematician, and vanquished many difficult problems in arithmetic and geometry, but for the English branches he had little love.

The scholars in this school were frequently required to commit to memory and recite certain passages of poetry, and this custom, as may well be imagined, was looked upon with unmitigated contempt by the practical-minded John.

On one occasion our friend had been assigned the beautiful lines, beginning as follows:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the height and depth and width
My soul can reach!"

When John's turn came, he arose and interrogated doubtfully: "How do I love thee?"—stopped—hesitated, and finally blurted out:

"How do I love thee? I love thee to the length, breadth and thickness of my soul!"

**Bred Contempt.**

Girl with the Gibson Girl Neck—Can't you see something familiar in the face of that man sitting on the opposite side of the car?

Girl with the Julia Marlowe Dimple—Yes; it's his eyes. I wish he'd be a little less familiar with them.